

The Tragedie

But tell me, where is princely *Richmond* now?
Chri. At *Pembrooke*, or at *Hertford* west in *Wales*.
Dar. What men of name resort to him?
Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned souldier,
 Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembrooke*, sir *James Blunt*,
Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew,
 With many more of noble fame and worth,
 And towards *London* they doe bend their course,
 If by the way they be not fought withall.
Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him
 Tell him, the *Queene* hath hartlie consented
 He shall espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter,
 These Letters will resolue him of my mind,
 Farewell.

Exit.

Enter *Buckingham* to execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me speake with him?

Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. *Hastings*, and *Edwards* children, *Rimers*, *Gray*,
Uaghan, and all that haue miscarried,
 By vnderhand corrupted, soule iniustice,
 If that your moodie discontented soules,
 Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,
 Euen for reuenge: mocke my destruction:
 This is All-soules day fellowes, is it not?

Rat. It is my Lord.

Buc. Why then all-soules, daie is my bodies *Doomesday*:
 This is the day that in King *Edwards* time
 I wisht might fall one me when I was found
 Fals: to his children, or his wiues allies:
 This is the day where in I wisht to fall,
 By the false faith of him I trusted most:
 This is all-soules day, to my fearefull soule,
 Is the determined, despite of my wronges:
 That high all-seer that I dallied with,
 Hath taund my fained prayr one my head,
 And giuen in earnest what I begd in ieast.
 Thus doth he force the sword of wicked men

To

of *Richard the Third*:

To turne their points on their maisters bosome:
 Now *Margrets* curse is fallen vpon my head,
 When he quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
 Remember *Margret* was a propheteffe.
 Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of shame,
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Enter *Richmond* with drumes and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my most louing friends,
 Bruil'd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,
 Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
 Haue we marcht on without impediment:
 And heere receiue we from our father *Stanley*,
 Lines of faire comfort, and encouragement,
 The wretched, bloody, and vsurping boare,
 That spoil'd your sommer-field, and fruitfull vines,
 Swils your warme blood like wash, and makes his trough,
 In your imboweld bosome, this foule swine
 Lies now euen in the center of this Isle,
 Neere to the towne of *Leicester* as we learne:
 From *Tamworth* thither, is but one daies march,
 In Gods name cheare on, couragious friends,
 To reape the haruest of perpetuall peace,
 By this one bloudie triall of sharpe warre.

1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a thousand swords
To fite against that bloudie homicide.

2 *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.

3 *Lor.* He hath no friends but who are friends for feare,
Which in his greatest need will shrinke from him.

Rich. all for our aduantage, then in Gods name march,
 True hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wings,
 Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

Enter King *Richard*, *Nor.* *Ratcliffe*, *Catesby*, with others.

King. Heere pitch our tents, euen here in *Bosworth* field,
 Why how now *Catesby*, why lookest thou so sad?

Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.

King. *Norfolke*, come hither:

Norfolke, we must haue knockes ha must we not?

Nor. We must both giue and take, my gracious Lord.

King. Vp with my tent, heere will I lye to night,

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